



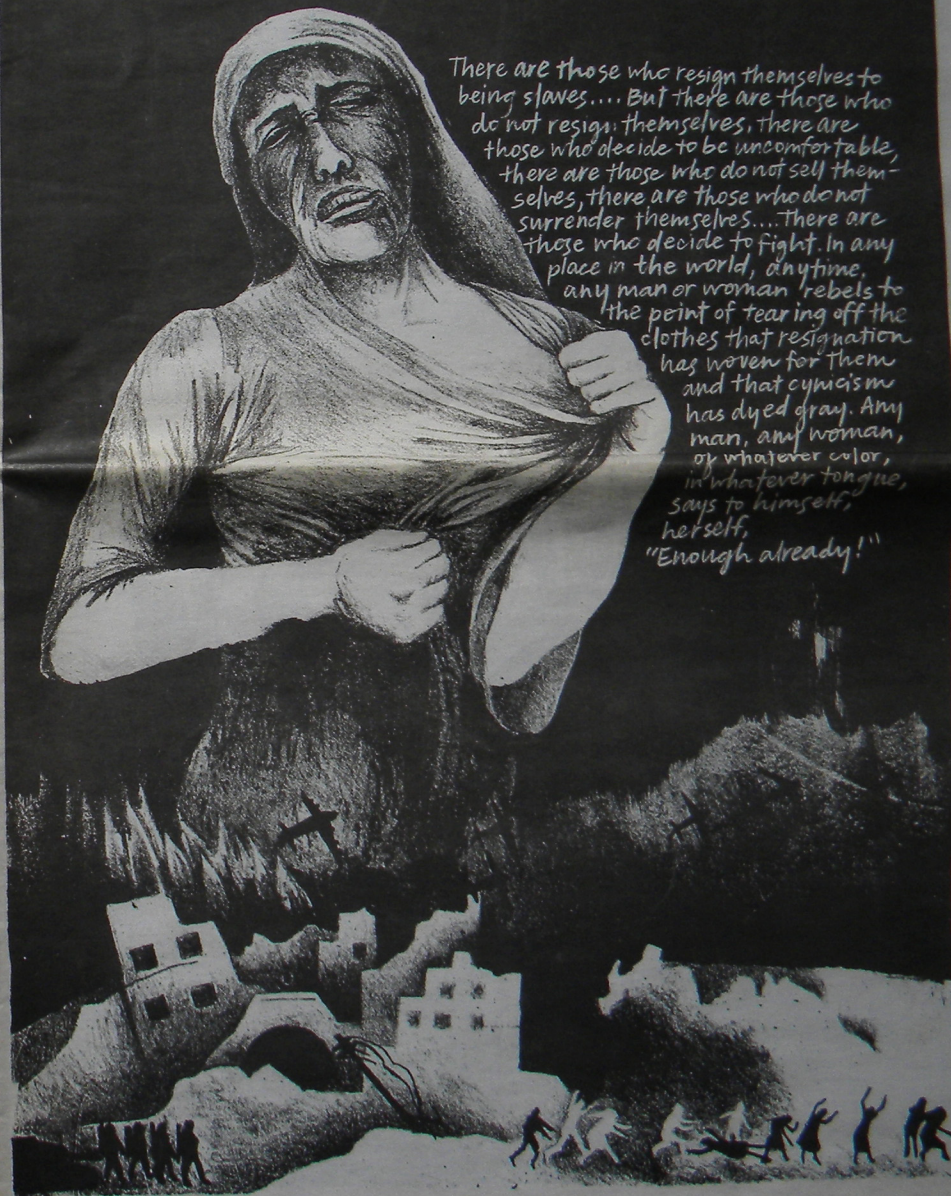
blackthorn

PO BOX 11046
portland, oregon
97211

BLACKTHORN

-issue number four-

-free-

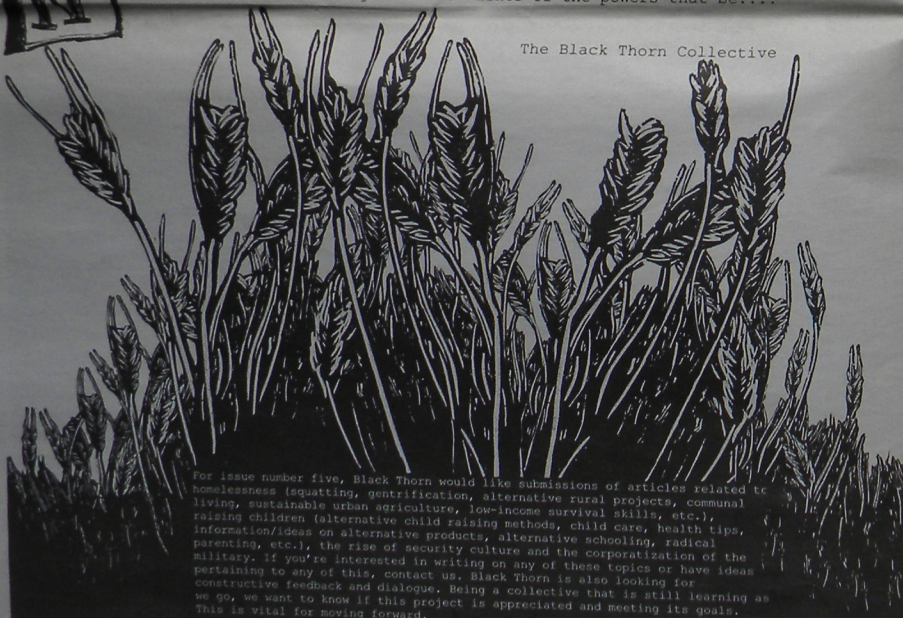


There are those who resign themselves to being slaves.... But there are those who do not resign themselves, there are those who decide to be uncomfortable, there are those who do not sell themselves, there are those who do not surrender themselves.... There are those who decide to fight. In any place in the world, anytime, any man or woman rebels to the point of tearing off the clothes that resignation has woven for them and that cynicism has dyed gray. Any man, any woman, of whatever color, in whatever tongue, says to himself, herself, "Enough already!"

Since issue three, the collective has gone through many changes, new beginnings and individual experiences. Half the collective was on the road for most of 2003, with their music projects and/or personal traveling voyages throughout different parts of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Europe and/or the states. Another had a child born and one started new challenges in schooling. As a collective we also started working with Liberty Hall, a community/activist space here in Portland, which has involved putting additional time and energy into a new collective. All this has kept us on a low level of activity. So, after all these changes, and perhaps in part due to them, along with new collective members and refurbished energy, Black Thorn is on the upswing. We've been extremely busy the last three months, doing benefits, seeking submissions, conducting interviews, creating art, writing articles, editing and applying for grants, with the hope that Black Thorn will one day sustain itself. Maybe these are high hopes, but if you like this project and would like to see this happen, you can help. We are seeking self motivated people to either join the collective and/or be active contributors of articles, art, interviews, news, ideas and fundraisers. We are looking for submissions related to the vast world of the do-it-yourself culture...radical art, politics, alternative skills, ethics, ideas, how-to's, etc., all to give those maintaining alternative lifestyles in thought and action, outside of the lines drawn and in opposition to the sour ills of our culture, more power and sustainability. With the current state of the world and the direction this country is heading, we feel we could all use it. So, that said, we dedicate this issue to all who support and align themselves with international grass roots struggles. All who reject the destructiveness that surrounds us, and work for a change, both personally and with others. Those who want true freedom, not illusions of it, and are willing to fight for it. Those who have and continue to support, create and strengthen the international DIY network, be it through community projects, writing, organizing, music or inspiration...it all matters. As a publication, Black Thorn hopes to serve as an aid in fueling the fires of discontent burning within. The question then, is...what will you do with that fire?

Against the odds and against the wishes of the powers that be....

The Black Thorn Collective



For issue number five, Black Thorn would like submissions of articles related to homelessness (squattin, gentrification, alternative rural projects, communal living, sustainable urban agriculture, low-income survival skills, etc.), raising children (alternative child raising methods, child care, health tips, parenting, etc.), the rise of security culture and the corporatization of the military. If you're interested in writing on any of these topics or have ideas pertaining to any of this, contact us. Black Thorn is also looking for constructive feedback and dialogue. Being a collective that is still learning as we go, we want to know if this project is appreciated and meeting its goals. This is vital for moving forward.

PO BOX 11046 portland, oregon 97211



Issue number four Budget:

Fundraisers:

*Friday, November 28th- Tragedy, Robots in Disguise and the Triggers at Below Zero...\$500.00 raised from the door.
 *Thursday, January 29th- Robert Blake, Chris Canipe, Raki La Rock and Jim Jones Original Fryin Pan at the Red and Black cafe...\$35.00 raised off door.
 *Friday, February 6th- Bingo at Liberty Hall. A split benefit for Black Thorn and NEM Bikeworks...\$250.00 to Black Thorn from event and selling Vegan cheese fries, tofu pups and beer.
 *Sunday, February 22nd- Vegan brunch and show with Skeleton Coast and Tee Fritter at Liberty Hall...\$50.00 raised from door and food sales.
 *Thursday, March 11th- Blood Red Sky, Wolves in the Throne Room and Roy Tintel's Tonight at Liberty Hall. A part of the Drawing Resistance art show...\$100.00 raised from door and sold cans of Pabst.
 *Sunday, March 14th- Vegan Brunch (tofu scramble, roasted garlic potatoes, gravy and pancakes) and fiddle music at Liberty Hall...\$8.00, but the food was damn tasty.
 *Thursday, April 1st- Art Auction at the 1914 gallery...\$145.00 raised from donated art sales.
 *Sunday, April 4th- Southern style Vegan brunch (black-eyed peas, corn bread, biscuits, gravy and greens. Mmm.) at Liberty Hall...\$70.00 raised.
 *Friday, April 9th- Dance party featuring music by Trauma le Tron and spinning by DJ Beyonda at Liberty Hall...\$180.00 raised from door, keg and whiskey sales.
 *Friday, April 16th- ADD/C, St. Helens and Dark Skies at The Ranch...\$87.00 raised from door and keg.
 *Sunday, April 18th- Vegan Indian Buffet Brunch (curried red lentil and potato soup, deep-fried pakoras, black-eyed pea pancakes with a tomato based sauce. Mmm! Too bad you missed that one.) at Liberty Hall...\$24.73 raised.
 Misc. donations: \$30.00
 Total raised: \$1,463.73

Expenses:

P.O. Box: \$75.00
 Money owed to collective members from issue three: \$240.00
 Rent to Liberty Hall: \$300.00(5 months)
 Misc. mailing costs: \$30.00
 Total expenses: \$645.00

Total left: \$818.73

Printing cost: \$1,100.00 for 10,000 copies

Front cover by Lydia Crumbley, text from the 2nd declaration of La Realidad: Word of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation, in the closing act of the 1st Intercontinental Encounter for Humanity and Against Neoliberalism (Read by Marcos) Aug. 3, 1996.

back page by Henry Rodriguez
 person hammering on intro page by Jan Burger
 "be brave" stencil by Shaun Slifer
 Chile stencils by Erik Ruin
 Art on women's health by Jenny
 "the cavern" etching on pg. 25 by Claire Howell
 moa skeleton wood cut by mjexip
 "why not steal away" stencil by Ally Reeves

Skeleton on bike cut by Lydia
 Moa skull woodcut by mjexip

May 2004

Thanks to all who supported and/or worked on this issue.

Blackthorn newspaper project started in the winter rains of early 2002... a group of 10 or so decided to fill the void with voices of those in this amalgamated d.i.y. world - the spirit of which propels us forward. The goal is to create, inspire, and remind ourselves of who we are. It's a simple concept - to see yourself surrounded in this world that speaks nothing of what you want to see or hear - feeling like no one else gets it... it's not about your fuckin band, who knows who, how great you can make your ad look on your computer, or how hip your new look is; but it's about our lives, the ones that keep us up all night sweating it out pushing ourselves, learning, inspiring, dancing, creating, longing for so much more, trying not to be crushed by the weight of the world, being constantly disappointed only to be brought out of your depression by a knock on the window from your amazing friend beckoning for adventure. It's a fuck you to everyone and everything - say something say anything... d.i.y., the extended family, the life... this extends so far beyond this city.

From this we breathe a little hope to Americans to that small town in Florida where the kids freaked out and wanted out of their lives so bad, to the anarchist space in Roznov Czech where the dance party goes until the sun comes up. Always looking for more than this world we're engulfed in wants to offer existing outside the lines off the grid... we can do it ourselves but we can't do everything on our own, we need each other to balance out our skills and talents. This d.i.y., creating a community that is responsible for each other.... it's no game, it's not something to grow out of, it's something to lead us to a better future one with some hope, as the world spins itself into a sickening whirlwind - so take the back way, the underside, the dark silent streets; by the time they catch up and commodify it all we'll have moved onward.... it's all about progress... -the blackthorn collective

RECLAIM OUR SPACE!

According to the U.S. Dept. of Justice, every 2 minutes somewhere in the U.S. a woman is sexually assaulted. One out of every three American women will be assaulted in her lifetime. 1st of rapes are reported to the police.

In our effort to work outside the mainstream culture, one huge problem we face is dealing with the actions of those around us (namely male) that bring issues of patriarchy, sexism, machismo, sexual violence and disrespect into the forefront of our lives. If we are attempting to live a more sane, safer, more respectful and somehow better existence than that which is offered up by our current society, these are major obstacles in our way. Here in Portland we live in what some people would call a rather progressive city, in which our radical subculture grows every day, yet we are at a loss when it comes to dealing with these issues, however work is in progress. Here we are just beginning to establish a support system.

One way in which groups are starting to confront these issues is in implementing a safer spaces policy. These policies are strong statements set up for events held at various spaces, be it houses, community centers, halls, etc., any space for a gathering of people. The organizers of the event or space state their position regarding sexual assault, sexist attitudes, oppressive behaviors and languages etc., in an effort to create a change in the traditional patriarchal culture we find ourselves continually mired in.

The male members of the blackthorn collective have been recently tackling some of these issues, at the request of one of our female members, as a method to be accountable to our collective and community. In talking this through, we realized that our community has only just started developing methods for dealing with these issues. If we as a community are not relying on systems in place such as the justice system (the police and jails), in dealing with sexual perpetrators and oppressive behavior, we need to figure out a logical response with which we can confront these issues. Throughout our lengthy dialogues on this subject many more questions than answers came up. Some of our questions are: by enacting a safer spaces policy, are blackthorn members to be judges of who is wrong and who is right should a situation arise at an event we are holding? How does one wade through the gossip and hearsay too often associated with these issues? How do we deal with these issues in a proactive manner without falling back on sheer ostracism as the answer; and how as men can we stop ignoring this?

We are not intending to set a policy that those accused of sexual assault should be shunned. Ostracism should be the last case scenario not the first. We feel that these initial steps should prioritize the needs of survivors. As a community we are responsible for each other. Ostracism would not hold perpetrators accountable to the survivor or community. Banishing someone from our community does nothing but pass them onto another group of people, setting the stage for more damage inflicted upon others and in no way allowing for positive change in the individual.

Sexual assault is a male problem, as men we need to deal with each other on this topic. We need to take responsibility for our kind; maybe we specifically did not assault someone but in our struggle to transcend the mold society fits us in, it should be our goal to be aware of all our actions in the context of this patriarchal and sexist society, and be conscious of conditions these actions perpetuate. We need to look at our interactions with women physically, emotionally, and vocally. We all need to confront each other with controversial issues. People DO need to be called on their shit. We as men need to call other men on their sexist attitudes and raise awareness to the damaging impact of sexual violence.

When confronting others, keep in mind none of us are better than others. Being self-righteous will only make words fall upon deaf ears. When there is a suspected perpetrator in question, perhaps a house-mate, someone at work, or someone in your favorite band, we need to approach these individuals, confront them on the situation in question, and let them know this will not be tolerated. Over time we can help create a community awareness that stops sexual assault before it happens.

When there is a known perpetrator it is best to make sure the entire community is aware. Once again men need to confront these people and maybe guide them to some counseling, possibly forming accountability groups, or organizing a community sit down discussion.

Communities need to work together to support survivors. Hysteria collective has been organizing support groups for survivors of any sexual assault. They are also raising money to pay for counseling for women and trans folks that have been sexually assaulted.

Men's groups have also been formed in an effort to address men's sexism and work towards change. Inner collective workshops have been organized with some of these goals in mind:

- Commitment to developing deep and meaningful friendships with men, where you can talk, vent, shout, cry, and support each other in the difficult task of uprooting your sexism

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- To commit yourselves as male allies to women
- Commit yourselves to continual work as men on your sexism
- Commitment to respecting, validating, listening, supporting, valuing, and recognizing women and their work
- Commitment to listen to, and accept being called out on sexism

(note: men's groups tend to fizzle out as the initial response to a situation fades, we need a continual commitment for this to work)

Groups of perpetrators that have chosen to work on their issues can take responsibility to talk with a perpetrator that has been called out.

Keeping all of this in mind, we at Blackthorn are implementing a safer spaces policy as one step in proactively working toward deconstructing this patriarchal society.

ADVICE & DEFINITIONS

WAYS TO SUPPORT SURVIVORS AS A COMMUNITY AS WELL AS INDIVIDUALS

Bright from the beginning give credibility and validation to the survivors feelings and experiences. When a survivor has said that they feel unsafe with someone while sharing a space.

Being available emotionally as an ally to a survivor of assault and/or abuse and not make them have to ask for that support. sknew your own limits and find the best place for you to be helpful. skne not pressure someone to repeat their story or to decide what to do about it.

Help to make the survivor feel empowered by giving information of existing resources so they can make choices for themselves. skne not categorize situations so that one seems worse than another.

sknew the difference between 'personal privacy' and 'that's none of my business privacy'. sknew a willingness to listen and learn.

CONSENT
is hard to define because there are many levels of communication (body language, flirting/innuendo, conversing, etc.). the only way to be certain that there is consent is through explicit verbal communication "can i touch you here?" "yes/no you can't touch me there"

BOUNDARIES
limits set by individuals to keep themselves comfortable and safe, healthy and sane.

SEXUAL ASSAULT
is any sexual activity including touch and conversation involving a person who does not or cannot give consent.

COERCION
is the pressure or manipulation someone into doing something (repeating the same question again and again until they've been told no, buying somebody drinks so they can make different choices, etc.)

ACCOUNTABILITY
is taking responsibility for your actions, working actively to make reparations for the impact your actions have had.

FORCE
is physically make somebody do something or to verbally threaten them if they don't "agree".

ANYONE AND EVERYONE
is capable of assault and of being assaulted, regardless of privileges or lack of privileges.

CREDIBILITY
survivors define their experience and it is not okay to question their reality.

blackthorn safer spaces policy

-OPPRESSIVE BEHAVIOR & LANGUAGE WILL NOT BE TOLERATED AT BLACKTHORN EVENTS - THIS INCLUDES BUT IS NOT LIMITED TO - RACIST - ABELIST - SEXIST - HETEROSEXIST - TRANSPHOBIC - ABLE BODYIST - CLASSIST - SIZEIST - AND ANY OTHER BEHAVIOR & LANGUAGE THAT PERPETUATE OPPRESSION -

- INDIVIDUALS & GROUP ENGAGING IN OPPRESSIVE BEHAVIOR AND LANGUAGE WILL BE IMMEDIATELY REMOVED FROM THE EVENT - NO QUESTIONS ASKED - THE BLACKTHORN COLLECTIVE FEELS THAT IT WOULD BE INAPPROPRIATE TO HAVE A DIALOGUE AT THAT TIME -

- THE BLACKTHORN COLLECTIVE WILL NOT KNOWINGLY ALLOW SEXUAL PERPETRATORS TO ATTEND EVENTS AT ANY TIME -

FOR IMMEDIATE & CONFIDENTIAL SUPPORT PLEASE CONTACT A COLLECTIVE MEMBER OR EVENT ORGANIZER -

- IN ORDER TO PREVENT BACKLASH AGAINST VOCAL WOMEN & PEOPLE WHO SPEAK OUT AGAINST SEXUAL ASSAULT & OPPRESSION - THE MEN OF BLACKTHORN WILL BE VOCAL WHILE MAINTAINING A HIGH LEVEL OF RESPECT FOR A WOMAN'S NEED TO BE VOCAL & NO LONGER BE SILENCED -

If you have questions, comments or constructive feedback please email blackthornsaferspaces@yahoo.com

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Migration of the Monarch Butterfly: Transcending Borders through Puppetry and Bicycles



The Road to Cancun

Guelegetza is a word used in Oaxaca, Mexico to signify a time and place for people to come together to exchange ideas, traditions, politics, culture, dance, music and art. This concept became the guiding force behind the Bikes Across Borders Monarch Butterfly tour. We decided to participate in a sort of international guelegetza. In late August, collective members departed from Austin, Texas, bound for the mobilizations against the WTO ministerial in Cancun, Mexico. When our van rolled up to the US/Mexico border loaded down with bikes, tools, political propaganda, art and puppets, we had no idea what to expect from the Mexican authorities. We had been forewarned by activists flying to Cancun that we would never make it driving. We soon bore witness to the double standard of immigration policies as we were waved through every checkpoint without incident because of our privileged status as US citizens. Based on past experiences in the US, where puppeteers have been targeted at big actions, we took precautions to craftily disguise our new puppet show, "La Migración de Las Monarcas".

In our story, the monarch butterfly becomes a metaphor for immigration, exposing the realities of GMOs, habitat destruction, NAFTA and border militarization. Our puppet show was inspired by the life cycle of the monarch butterfly as they migrate north from their winter homes in central and western Mexico, traveling as far north as Canada to lay their eggs, before returning southwards. Their route is comparable to modern day routes of free trade under international agreements such as NAFTA. Monarchs have traced these same migration patterns for hundreds of years, yet now their livelihood, along with those of many other species, is under threat from a variety of social, environmental and political pressures. Among these adversaries are global warming, excessive timber harvests, industrial agriculture, and the myriad environmental impacts of globalization. Through mediums of imagery and puppetry, we worked to illustrate these complex situations and stimulate dialogue with the people who must daily contend with these issues.

Cancun, and the Politics of Art and Puppetry

Las Monarcas arrived in Cancun, Mexico among the tide of thousands of activists, for the weeklong demonstrations against the WTO ministerial meetings of September 2003. In the midst of massive demonstrations and organizing, art played a significant role in education and inspiring discussions about issues related to the WTO and corporate globalization. A powerful theater piece performed by a group of women from Mexico City elevated attention to global economics in relationship to the hundreds of tortured and murdered women who work in sweat shops along the US/Mexico border in Ciudad Juarez. Banners from the Beehive Collective and the Cycle Circus, illustrated subjects such as Plan Colombia, the FTAA, and issues of global petroleum transport, were laid out in parks, streets, beaches and plazas all over the city. Giant puppets in semblance of Mayan gods rose amidst the thousands of demonstrators, and marched alongside their summoners. Chac, the Mayan god of rain and water, towered above the crowds stimulating discussions about water privatization. Graffiti artists from Mexico City collaborated to lend life to the walls all around us. Elaborate murals saturated what once was bleak concrete, among them a memorial portrait of Korean farmer and union leader Lee Kyung, who took his life in protest of the WTO and their policies which help to destroy the livelihoods of small farmers throughout the world. Live music from the Infernal Noise Brigade, Mexican brass bands, and spontaneous caserolazos (Argentinean-style pot and pan banging in the streets) provided the soundtrack for 10,000 people marching against the WTO and bringing down the secured fences.

Las Monarcas was performed at local parks, in the streets, and at the beaches; other groups rode on local bikes, reading poetry and informing the public about the realities of the WTO and global trade networks. One of the most important roles that creative educational tools such as Las Monarcas played in Cancun, was strengthening

Alternative Technologies Exist & They Work!
Together We Can Change Our Habits & Implement Alternatives



and extension of dialogue to the local community. Too often large mobilizations inadequately address or even abandon outreach. Creative cultural work can act as a successful bridge, and here offered an accessible language to explain concerns that had motivated groups and individuals to coalesce in Cancun.

Las Monarcas Migrates through Mexico

Our tour gave us numerous opportunities to present our show, as well as learn and teach during workshops about popular education, puppetry, political art, etc. We shared mask-making and street theater techniques with a group of almost thirty teachers in training in Oaxaca City. Based on political, social or cultural events of their every day lives, they put together short puppet shows about issues varying from the death of a woman trying to cross the US/Mexico border to scenes from Day of the Dead celebrations and discussions of Plan Puebla Panama.

After performing Las Monarcas in a plaza in Palenque, Chiapas, a member of the audience invited us to perform the show the mountains. After we checked in with *la junta del buen gobierno*, (the center of good government) we were invited to perform the show on the basketball court for a group of teachers in training, and later for the local elementary school. The students enthusiastically explored the puppets and interviewed us about the happenings of the tour and our politics regarding biotechnology and NAFTA.

Since the Zapatistas first became public in 1994, they have played a central role in bringing attention to indigenous movements and inspiring global resistance to neo-liberal policies and the reign of global capitalism. During the summer of 2003, the Zapatistas changed the name of their five Aguas Calientes (hot water) regional centers to Caracoles (conch shell.) When we asked what this change meant, they responded metaphorically by explaining that conch shells are used to listen to the infinite, but also to put a call out to the world. They explained to us that the Caracoles are centers where the Zapatistas interact with civil society. We visited schools, health centers, women's cooperatives, all covered with inspirational murals.

Bikes Across Borders

We found that the bike parts and bicycles the Bikes Across Borders had sent with the Bikes for Chiapas caravan during the summer of 2003 had arrived at two of the Caracoles, and plans for a community bike shop were already underway. We were also able to make plans for future bike mechanic workshops and supply shipments. Bikes Across Borders (BAB) is based in Austin, Texas at the Rhizome Collective, a center for community organizing and urban sustainability. BAB builds solidarity and fosters partnerships between grassroots organizations working on environmental, economic justice, and human rights struggles across political borders. Projects consist of recycling bicycles for community-run cooperatives in Mexico and Cuba, cultural exchanges, popular education in the US surrounding living and working conditions on the border, and the devastating environmental degradation and neglect of human rights that has resulted from NAFTA and similar international trade agreements. During the past two years, Bikes Across Borders has made six trips to Mexico and two trips to Peace Caravans, delivering over 300 bicycles, tools and spare bike parts to community groups to assist in the creation of locally-run bike cooperatives and autonomous transportation.

Guelegetza

One of the main goals in presenting Las Monarcas in Mexico was to initiate cultural exchanges in which we learned from Mexican communities and in return give voice to their struggles through our cultural work and storytelling in the US. Valuable discussions were sparked after the performances and during meetings in Cancun, where people voiced their concerns in relation to current trends in agriculture and threats to rural livelihood. Biotechnology's threat to heirloom varieties of corn and other crops from cross-pollination was a constant topic of concern from the people we spoke with. Mexico is the motherland of corn, a staple of Central American diets. We were shocked to find out that because of NAFTA, one third of corn sold in Mexico is imported from large agribusiness farms in the US. Genetic contamination to indigenous corn varieties is a direct result of NAFTA, which promotes unlimited imports of US corn, 30-40% of which is genetically modified. Before NAFTA, Mexico was practically self-sufficient in corn production, and today is a major importer of corn and basic grains. This imported corn is unlabeled, thus being planted, eaten and cross-pollinating cornfields, as it flies off trucks during transport. We were shown some of the realities of Plan Puebla Panama (PPP) and the Central American Free Trade Agreement (CAFTA) which together extend NAFTA throughout Central America with a series of mega projects. These include cutting high-speed rail and highway systems through the rainforests and indigenous communities with efforts to privatize resources, create the fast transportation of goods, and increase exploitation of underpaid labor forces for multinational corporations. One of the most overwhelming realizations we had from conversations after shows and during meetings was how tangibly NAFTA, biotechnology and PPP affect the daily lives of people in the regions we visited.

After our experiences meeting and collaborating with various groups in Mexico, the importance of future projects to inspire dialogue and action across borders is evident to us. Our sense of responsibility as US activists to educate our communities about the effects of the US government's actions and future trade negotiations is also stronger. Please contact Bikes Across Borders and the Cycle Circus for further information, or to get involved in our work with political art,

Bikes Across Borders
300 Allen St.
Austin, TX 78702
(512)385-3695
cyclecircus.org
Bikesacrossborders@riseup.net



**Organic/Natural
Tampons**
With these you still get the unwanted trash and you still have to pay money each month, but don't contain Dioxin. They are easy to find at natural food stores. They should carry a couple different brands to choose from.

Diaphragms & Instead

These are both cups you that rest right below your cervix. They collect your flow absorbing it. You can wear them all day and empty them when needed. Instead can be found in most drugstores and costs about 2.50 for 6 or \$8 for 24. Instead can only be used twice and only

size which can make it ineffective for some women. The diaphragm comes in 6 sizes. You can get this from a gynecologist. It is a method of birth control and your gynecologist will fit your cervix and should show you how to properly insert it. Make sure to wash it well and sterilize it between periods. Cost can vary depending on what type of clinic you go to.

The Keeper
The Keeper is a
small rubber cup
you insert
similar to
instead and a
diaphragm. You
can wear it up
to twelve hours
and it is
totally reusable
for years. You
simply rinse it
out between
uses. The Keeper
comes in two
sizes pre and
post vaginal
childbirth. It
does take a
little getting
used to. The
post is anywhere
from \$25 to \$35.
Some natural
food stores
carry them but
you can order it
on online
www.keeper.com
or at 1-800-663-
0427
The Keeper also
has a 30 day
satisfaction
guarantee and
the company will
refund your money
if you're not
happy with it.

Sea Sponges
This option is a bit more involved. You can find the sea sponge at a natural food store. Then you need to sterilize it by boiling it. Next you simply cut it into tampon sized strips. You can sew a string to the end of it and use it just like a tampon, except there is no hard cardboard applicator. Wash it well between uses and sterilize it between periods.

Reusable cloth
Pads
These are great
if you prefer
pads! No
annoying stick
stuff. No harsh
chemicals. No
waste. You can
use them over
and over and
over.
If you don't
like this
pattern check
out the Blood
Sisters/Urban
Armor web page
www.bloodsisters.org
or
www.pacificcoast.net/~manymons/bwto.html
for different
styles.
You can also
order reusable
pads from
www.gladrags.com
www.lunapads.com
or
www.wackyyacc.com

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
♥Heart♥ Your♥
♥New♥Pad♥
Care for your
new pad is very
important.

♥ Hand wash your
pad with mild
soap and water.
Harsh detergents
can irritate
your NINI.

♥ RINSE WELL.

♥ Soak in a jar
or bowl of water
and a splash of
vinegar. Soak
over night/day.

♥ Hand wash
your pad again
using mild soap
and water.

♥ RINSE WELL.

♥ Hang to dry.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

more information about
the evils of tampons and
your body.

BOOKS

The Curious: Confronting the last unmentionable taboo, menstruation (Karyn Houppert) with her politicized look at periods and the products we use to deal with them, Houppert examines the problems associated with Dixie, Toxic Shock Syndrome, and the effect that tampon marketing has on a woman's self image. Our Bodies Ourselves: For the new century (The Boston women's health book collective) The classic feminist health text is newly updated. A comprehensive guide to just about everything you could ever need to know about your body. Sweet Secrets: Stories of menstruation (Kathleen O'Grady & Paula Whelmsbrough) This book is geared for young girls but who among us couldn't learn a thing or two about our bodies.



Websites
 The Museum Of
 Menstruation
www.mum.org
 You can see what tampons
 looked like in the
 1920's. Learn about
 menstrual synchrony &
 they have the "Under
 Pants Directory" where
 you can find tons of
 posted nicknames for when
 aunt flo comes to town.

manuel y lupe

On the same night, in two different beds, they had two different dreams. The content of these dreams is not important, except that one aspect of each was similar. In the dream of Manuel, he found a small deformed hither whose body was so tiny it seemed more like a bird set curled in his palm. He could not keep it, however, and this fact caused him sorrow.

In the dream of Lupe, she gave birth to a child. But the child was also at times a rabbit, and though she loved the feel of its warm heavy body against hers, she worried about society's reception of such an abnormal infant.

The following day the feeling of having a child whom she loved very much stayed with her. She thought to herself that a man could never dream of pregnancy or birth in this way. She spent her morning feeling how special such an experience was, but she was wrong when she judged that a male could not dream such a thing. Despite not having explicitly given birth to the kitten, Manuel still felt the thick and melancholy love of a mother. He too went about his day feeling as though a string still held him to his dream just as a boat is pulled down by its anchor. And just as Luce felt the weight of the rabbit-child in her arms long after she'd woken, so did Manuel feel the weight of the kitten in the delicate, cupped palm of his hand.

Lúpe and Manuel often met early and the following morning, that
 it was the morning after the day after the dream, they did just this.
 It was a big city with wide streets and they used their bicycles
 to get around it. They liked to race or hold hands as they pedaled.
 Ten arms made flesh bridges over the disappearing pavement.

There was a little store between their houses that sold groceries and religious "snack-nacks." In the back they had built a small cafe that sold soup and thick black coffee. Manuel and Lupo sat in the cafe sharing fried plantains and not discussing their dreams.

"My sister called last night," Manuel said, licking his sticky fingers.

"How's she doing?" asked Lupo.
 "She's going to have her baby anyday now. She says her skin feels like it might break."
 "She's ready to hold the baby," said Lupo, who understood that longing. Manuel smiled. He turned his hand to his head. For Lupo, the longing was longest just before the baby came. In which part of his body did that desire exist? He was waiting to meet the baby when it emerged from hibernation. He wanted to know the reality of holding something so small and alive. He looked at Lupo. Her eyes were far away. In them he saw a beautiful light, and it sent shivers down his spine. The plainclothes were so sweet he felt he could hardly bear it.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Lupe was the first person Manuel had ever loved. She was the first person who ever wanted to touch him gently, the first to understand his cry. On the other hand, Lupe had loved another before. But he was not like Manuel. Lupe had dated a man for two years, and in those two years he did not dream once. Instead, Lupe dreamed for him. As he slept deeply and without introspection, she inhaled all his wishes and worries. These exploded into images in her mind. The mass of these dreams slowly solidified into one recurring dream in which the man's mother repeatedly cut off his head. After the horror of such a symbol, Lupe would wake with a start next to her lover. She would try to wake him for the comfort of his arms and words, but he slept so deeply that it was like trying to wake a rock in the sea.

★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★

Like Hamlet, Lupe's old lover could not break Lupe from his mother. Also like Hamlet, he was continuously unable to confront the dilemma. But Lupe refused to be just another Ophelia, the victim of his childhood rage. She left him so she could start having her own dreams again. Not long after, she met Manuel.

Both Manuel and Lupe came from families that had immigrated two generations back. Both were Mexican. Lupe's father suffered from an unrelenting need to be educated, middle class and private. His Mexican family could understand all of this but the last, and eventually Lupe's father moved far, far away from his place of birth. He went to college and married a gringa, Lupe's mother. He stopped writing the anguished poetry of a multicultural adolescent. He stopped speaking Spanish and began to only cook Italian food.

[illegible]

"How long are your tours and how many countries do you travel to? Usually we do 2 months of creation and construction in Europe. Our last tour, the movie ELA799 season mostly went from April until the end of September. Since the group has followed by a 4-month tour, we have been working on the show in Marseille, France 2001, in Lugano, Switzerland 2002, and in Berlin, Germany 2003 - by the way, thanks to all places that have helped us so much on our way. La Valentine, Il Molino, X-dort, Kubitz, Schrotter, and many others...We have played on various occasions in Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, and Spain and in the Basque Country.

How does the inspiration and motivation to put on such an incredible show, which takes so much time, energy and little money, come from? Do you think the show will be able to continue over the years? Well, good question. As a group we have always wanted to cover our expenses, maintain our material, eat well, travel and survive, every now and then we allow ourselves a little pocket money. Sometimes it is quite funny to be working all weekend building up the whole set, playing, breaking down, organizing, rehearsing, cooking, discussing with no break at all and then you get something like 15 euro pocket money out of it. But you can hardly buy a pack of cigarettes and a beer at the bar. But I guess all the effort is worthwhile since we are able to do what we love to do. We have a lot of people coming to see us, bringing people on the way. Guess it is the magic of the live stage. Show biz, man! For me to run a good show is a good 'kick', an interesting subject, as well as each one of us gives their input into the show and gets to be passionate for the whole thing. Yet, it is not always easy, when you and the road is rocky, especially if you live so close together and decide collectively over any important subject concerning the show and tour. Sometimes I wonder myself how we are able to get it on!

We are the original reason 'why' for doing ELX790. At the time I surrounded the people who later became the collective ELX790, I was across a bunch of creative minds that were involved in underground art, music and circus for quite while. As the group grew we had new members, we looked for people who fit in the group and could fill a vacant position from performer to technician, musician, to technician, graphic artist, etc. Most of us had been involved in many aspects of the production and touring as well as being active in our own group life, though each has had some kind of main field of activity. To get back to your question we have expressed a strong opinion about this show. It has been a platform to express and release raw energy and it's contributed to alternative ways of thinking. We've found it healthy to work on a project that has pleased you and lets you turn out all your potential in a positive way. Most of us know that neither hanging around drinking nor most average "survival" jobs are a step to

Do you view ELITS as political (either directly or indirectly)? Are there any messages behind the performances? I don't think that as a group we are explicitly political, but our lifestyles, the way we work and the message given through our show can be seen as a political statement out of an underground art scene against mainstream society. We have played at antifascist festivals, gay parade, pro-Palestine solidarity, anti-eviction street parades, pro-squat events, etc.

about the two storylines with the present material. First we had a story planet where the greedy-seeking robot troops who land on a natural, untouched planet where the 'indians' (reptilian creatures) live. The transformers conquer and enslave those greedy living creatures and greedily exploit their energy resources. But the x-tinction warriors start a rebellion and manage to beat the greedy intruders by overloading them with energy and with the help of their mother the dinosaur Spamazillions and in this way they are like - as you might compare it to - the destruction of the cultures by the 'conquistadors' and white devils both in South - and North America since Columbus touched land in the 'new continent' in 1492. This year we had a story about a gray man who lives an illusionless office existence in the stressed urban workaholic type of guy, where he meets his illusions as well as gets taken out into the dream world.

...personalized by the fantastic characters of the play. ... confronted by his fears
... through this dream that slowly turns into a nightmare. ...
... defined end ... It is a play on the loss of fantasy in the ...
... reductive world and the fear many people have to break out of ...
... they feel gray and empty in their grown up lives - that is ...
... how I see this story. Every viewer has ...
... space for their own interpretations... I think if you watch, ...
... what we do implies the message that you can be creative and ...
... that a lot is possible if you 'just do it'!

Do you think it is effective to use art as a base and tool for political expression and as an engine to move people into thought and action? Artistic activity of any kind is a way to capture the attention of people and a way to express a "freedom of speech", to express a message by word or otherwise can imply more explicit or subliminal statements. Nowadays, the more spectacular an action is, the more of a chance you have to get noticed. Throughout the history of human culture many painters, artists, defending and expressing an ideal of "freedom" using their art as a way to reach a lot of people and draw a critical view on "the system". I would say any creative person usually is not one who loves authority or ignorance.

What background do most of the performers come from and how did the artists originally come together and decide to collaborate? We are a very heterogeneous mix of people and cultures, mostly seven female and six male group members. Many of us live in trucks, are artists, performance crews, free-techno sound systems and show artists, and we work on projects and artistic creation in general. We had met or worked together before or had common friends. Many of us in Europe a lot of people move a lot between different cities. Back here we just met - right time, right place. Since we were an itinerant moving show, some people joined right place. Since we were an itinerant from Barcelona Circus School, to us as we passed through their city - Lausanne and Berlin - new members have joined. I joined in Zurich, jumping out. I would say what counted was the right attitude and motivation to join the group and not necessarily the same. I am Swiss, French, Irish, Brazilian, Italian, German, Spanish and I am North American members in the collective but behind the facade of this innocent theater hides a clan of extraterrestrial aliens who

Is ELXT90 a unique project in Europe? If so, how is it different from other performance groups? Well, I consider ELXT90 a unique project in Europe since we have been able to develop quite a big production independently. But of course there have been groups who have done a similar kind of collage of fire action - circus - technix performance and some people that have worked or collaborated with ELXT have been a part of other projects earlier on - Mutoid Waste Co., UNTT, Sagger... Since ELXT first formed we have carried on the existence of a straight underground, unclassifiable and unsponsored artist crew who have mixed various elements into their performances - being unique by the ability to create a large show out of our own energy and resources.

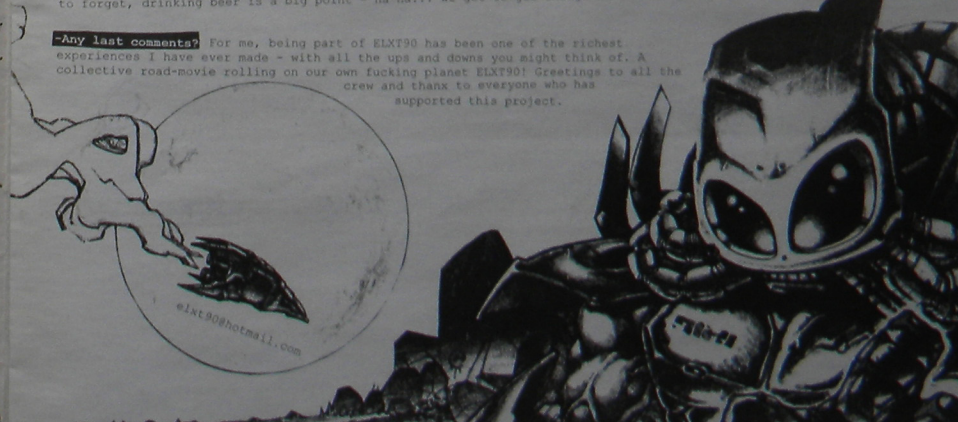
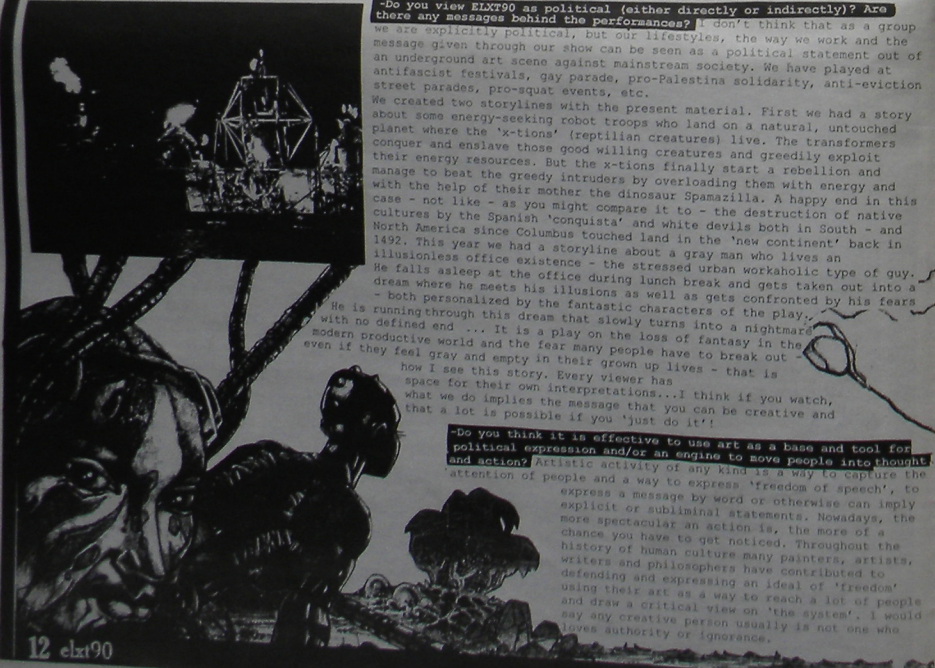
Does choosing to keep alt:90 an underground level constitute more work, stress and difficulty? Yes, indeed. As the shows work-time and material costs have grown over the years, we have realized that it has been difficult to come out often. Many times we went from gig to gig getting a minimum covered by the organizers of the gig and traveling on with the donations we got by passing the hat. Like this we are not really able to cover the bare costs of the two months it takes to prepare the show, feeding 13 people and buying materials. Usually we have needed at least one or two "official" gigs to reach the end of the summer with no debts and some cash left to get ready for the next years tour and do the promotion over the winter. Nevertheless we are definitely underground and have managed to do three 6-month-saragapan tours with no sponsoring or culture money whatsoever.

thoughts on the current alternative/squat scene in Europe? Is it getting harder to exist living alternative lifestyles? Do you think the squatting movement in Europe will exist in twenty years? Hopefully there is a network of squats, social centers and cultural projects with many cool and motivated people that put big efforts to keep struggling to maintain the possibility of living a sub cultural lifestyle and expressing a popular and non-profit culture. On the other hand our scene suffers a constant threat of evictions, criminalization as well as bureaucratic, profit-centered policies of control and repression. In some cities like Berlin or Amsterdam, where squatting has been around for a long time, good infrastructure have been evicted or contracts were cancelled. In other cities, where squatting was new, they offer new spaces as social housing. But in general, the police and the courts are against squatters and the administration is deaf to the demands and needs of the alternative scenes. Hopefully in 20 years time there will still be squats and people willing to create underground places in spite of repression. As it looks to me, the aim of the system is to prevent the existence of independent and profitable citizens of democracy. In some cities and countries it has become nearly impossible to open new places.

...is living alternatively/squatting/traveling in Europe generally a lifestyle choice or something that came out of necessity? Well, I would say it is a lifestyle choice that is related to the political and economic situation in Europe and 'non-profit' lifestyles that give an alternative to expensive housing, employment slavery, or business. One surely wouldn't be able to pay an average rent just to be isolated in a flat and working 9 to 5.

[illegible]

My last comments? For me, being part of ELXT90 has been one of the richest experiences I have ever made - with all the ups and downs you might think of. A collective road-movie rolling on our own fucking planet ELXT90! Greetings to all the crew and thankx to everyone who has supported this project.







Transcontinental

Grease Tour

2003



Do you want to go on tour, but are bothered by the hypocrisy of singing songs about multi-national oil companies fucking up the environment and destroying indigenous peoples' lives and culture? We're all screaming about the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq—which we all know are about pipelines and controlling oil fields, not to mention the death of the innocent and the flames of U.S. hatred we're fanning—yet we are repeatedly filling our tanks to make it to the next show. Tired of contributing to air pollution and global warming, just to play 30 shows in a row letting everyone know we need to stop fucking the planet up? Yeah, punk rock can be a bit of a paradox at times. Can we do anything at all without fucking up something else? No, we can't. Can we lessen our impact and spread better ideas at the same time? Yes, we can.

I'm assuming by now that most of you have heard about biodiesel, a renewable, cleaner burning, domestically produced fuel and straight vegetable oil, both of which can be used in diesel engines. You should read Joshua Tickell's book *From the Fryer to the Fuel Tank*, if you're at all interested in making your own biodiesel or converting your vehicle to run on straight vegetable oil. I'll partially explain how this conversion has been accomplished with our two tanks, Subtractor and Driving Under Lies, on a month long tour through Canada and the eastern US. Our plan was to convert a giant diesel step van to run on waste vegetable oil. In the end we would take it across six provinces, 21 states and eventually rounding out at over 8,500 miles.

Rudolf Diesel, who originally designed the diesel engine, intended it to run on agriculturally produced oils. (i.e. peanut, vegetable, sunflower etc.) The reason these heavy fuels work is because his engine works on the principle of compression ignition where pressurized air explodes the fuel, unlike a spark ignition in gasoline engines, which explodes the fuel with a spark. Glow plugs, using the batteries power, warm up the cylinder compartments to start this process. Later the oil industry would modify his engine to run on low-grade petroleum distillates known as "diesel fuel" today.

Biodiesel can fuel any diesel vehicle without engine modification and can be mixed with petrol diesel at any ratio. However, you may have to replace rubber fuel lines with suitable synthetic ones, (i.e. Arcoquip or Viton brands), and change the old fuel filter. You can make bio/diesel yourself, but for touring this may be impractical due to the amount of gear and time needed. When using straight vegetable oil (SVO), a heated fuel system and an additional fuel tank are required, because the viscosity of veggie oil is much greater than that of diesel fuel. The heated fuel system thins the oil, by using the engines coolant or an electric system, allowing it to pass through the lines and pump into the injectors and engine. You'll need to start and stop the engine on straight bio/diesel to keep the injectors from becoming coked. When this occurs a hard wax sticks to the injectors, fouling the spray pattern and ultimately damaging the piston rings and cylinders.

I had been to a vehicle conversion workshop, talked to as many people as I could about converting vehicles and seen several, but I had NEVER heard about such a BIG vehicle being switched over. This step van has a rebuilt 7.2 liter V8 motor, is ten and a half feet tall, twenty-two feet long and the wheels come up to your waist. It is also the most expensive thing I have ever bought in my life. That being said, I was pretty apprehensive about altering the coolant system, because I didn't want the engine to overheat, fucking it up. Keep in mind none of us are mechanics, not even close. After talking to a friend here in Portland, he told me about doing a mix of veggie oil and diesel. He had recently taken a trip to California on a pretty low diesel to waste oil mix and experienced no problems with his fuel concoction. This sounded good to me. The diesel fuel reduces the viscosity of the waste vegetable oil, allowing your mixed fuel to get to the engine. You'll also want to try to use vegetarian oil/animal fats congeal in colder temperatures that is non-hydrogenized. Chinese and Indian restaurants are a good place to look.

I opted to get a heated fuel filter manufactured by Raycore. (If you want to save money, make your own by coiling copper tubing around the filter and use the engines coolant to heat it.) It has a remote filter base with a couple of in and out ports, a priming hand pump, filter, and a plastic bowl with a heated element inside. This filter system is also a water separator. Water, which is heavier than diesel, drops to the bottom of the bowl and can be drained by a hand screw plug. This filters at 10 microns with the original primary and secondary filter filtering all the fuel as well at 10 & 6 microns.

Since the van was registered as a motor home, it needed a permanent cooking stove, sink and sleeping area to be legal, so we scavenged parts of a dilapidated Winnebago at a wrecking yard. We installed windows, kitchen, a van seat, a couple of benches with storage space and built a loft. We divided the space under the loft into two compartments, a large one for band gear and a smaller one for the pump and whatever containers we would fill with used cooking oil. We painted the truck with off white paint that I got for free from work and styled it out with motor home stripes.

I had ordered a fuel transfer pump from Northern Tool Co. that works on a 12-volt system, so you can hook it up to a car battery. It comes with two flexible hoses, one with a gas pump handle on the end to control the flow of fuel transferred and the other with a 50-micron mesh screen on the end. Since we wanted to filter the grease down to ten microns before using it I added a fuel filter using black steel plumbing pipe and a remote filter base Napa 4098 (what the fuel filter screws into). We connected it directly to the pump on the "out" side of it. Now the pump would draw from the container of grease through the 50-micron screen to the pump through the 10-micron fuel filter to the nozzle and out into our containers.

We installed a 2nd tank to be able to flush the system with straight bio/diesel to avoid coking of any sort. Diesel engines almost always have a return line to the fuel tank. I wanted to stick to this. I picked up some fittings and washers and added two lines. This required some improvisation. We unscrewed the sending unit (for the old gas gauge), drilled a 1/2" hole an inch from it for our return fuel

line, inserted the fitting into it and hand tightened them. Drilling a hole in the sending unit flange, we connected the 2nd set of fittings and tightened them. We then used a length of hose reaching to the bottom of the tank for the supply, and reattached the flange to the top of the tank. The original supply line was still open ended, so we cut it back and sealed it off, leaving it sticking out from the tank like an upside down "L". This became known as our dirt leg.

Almost everyone uses a 3 or 6 port solenoid valve, which have 5/16-inch ports, to switch back and forth between tanks. I bought one from an auto parts store, but deemed it was too small for our 1/2 inch fuel lines. It may have worked by using fittings to scale it down, but I was afraid of creating a bottleneck, where not enough fuel gets to the fuel injectors. So I went to a plumbing fixture store and picked up two 3-way valves, one for supply and one for return. This meant we had to switch tanks by hand through the wheel well. Leery of our experiment, I opted to hook up the second tank once we crossed the border. Now our new system was almost complete.

THE TOUR.

3/29 Portland. During our set we play a song called Omega Hills, about a landfill on the north side of Milwaukee. I rant about landfills and our wasteful lifestyles (how much garbage can we make?). I also announce that the next day we would make a conversion on our vehicle to run on used cooking oil from restaurants. (Insert roaring applause here).

3/30 More van work. Days before, we welded angle iron into "L" brackets and now attached them to the frame, with the tank sitting on them, then strapped it down with metal bands. We also loaded a couple of spare batteries and a charger, to be able to get grease from spots the van couldn't get close to.

3/31. We finished attaching fuel lines to the original tank and started the van. Everything seemed A-OK. We filled up both tanks with B20 (20% biodiesel 80% diesel), loaded up the 4 bikes, and the rest of the gang. Unfortunately in Seattle, the biodiesel people we knew of were out of town.

8/1. Leaving Seattle, a dance party ensued in the van while going up I-5 to Vancouver.

B.C. At the border, we stopped at U.S. customs to get a list of our gear stamped by guys with mustaches. They didn't even look to see what we had. On the Canadian side they just ask us what we're up to. We tell them that we're playing all ages shows and camping. When asked about the merchandise, we replied, "We've got 50 free LPs." They said "OK, park and go inside." They ran our passports, an ID or two and asked if anyone had DUI's or been arrested. "No DUI's, but one unlawful assembly and (after a pause) a marijuana arrest". The border guy smiled and we laughed. They let us in with no search of the vehicle. The next morning I finished hooking up the fuel lines.

8/2. Our first grease mission. We parked Commercial Avenue in search of the greases. Grease after we stopped off at a bakery and grabbed ten plastic 5 gal. oil containers. We started the pump and a car battery behind an Indian restaurant and started pumping. Looks good so far. It found grease. And what if we

pushed our luck down to the bottom. The pump started to sputter and our golden oil turned pink. We've hit water. What looked like 45 gallons of grease might have only been a washbasin as we ceased pumping. We don't want water in our grease. It's not good for the engine.

We went around and asked a couple of other restaurants if we could have their used cooking oil, with no luck. This was a confusing question for most people. I think, because as one had ever asked for it before. So we stop asking, and it became our official tour policy. We checked out a couple more eateries on this trendy college strip and found a couple 55-gallon drums of waste oil behind this restaurant named after the late Charles Bukowski. We started pumping grease into our containers, as other hand water filled the fuel tank, pouring the containers into a funnel and into the mouth of our mix tank. While we were doing this, this guy came to the back of the building, rolled a joint, smoked it, and talked to us about our trip. He was excited about what we were doing and offered to buy us a couple of pitchers of beer when we were done pumping our grease. We shot the shit, he bought a few more pitchers and even gave us \$40.

Later, we warmed up the van, switched to our 50/50 mixed tank of diesel and waste vegetable oil and hit the Canadian Transcontinental Highway with our tailpipe

smelling of fish fry. A few hours later we stopped off for some beer and asked the cashier about the fires ahead. She said avoid Kamloops. It is on fire.

8/03 Calgary. We parked the van after a day and a half of driving. It felt good to finally be stationary. A little while later we noticed the tank we added was leaking. What the fuck?! Here we are trying to cause less pollution, and there's a puddle of diesel fuel soaking into the asphalt. Upon investigation, we found the top of the tank sealed with diesel, concluding pressure built up in the tank and forced fuel up the old "dirt" port and into our fabricated dirt leg, which we had sealed with a carburetor vacuum cap. Guess that's not sufficient. This started the quest to seal off the dirt leg with brass hardware, which took us to way too many shops, auto stores and fittings establishments.

That night, we played a bookstore called "I've Read That". We sat around after the show, talking and drinking with Roy, the owner, about the line and outs of the book business and how American corporations are negatively affecting the "Canadian Way." Later, we hit China Town, collecting 4 five-gallon containers of veggie grease.

8/4 Edmonton. The grease run here was basically a bust. It was cold and the grease pumped at a trickle. Our portable battery was too low and hooking it up to the van provided too many sparks for our comfort. At one stop, while pumping grease, someone stole the cordless drill out of the back. We were lucky they didn't take a guitar. Later while driving the P.A. back to the music store, I noticed a bicyclist checking us out. "Can you smell it?" I asked. He said yeah. We talked for a minute and he mentioned that some of his friends are using SVO too.



8/3 Saskatoon. It's another long drive. And we thought they were long in the states. Somewhere in here the van got its nickname "Vanada" and became a sovereign state with no laws or leaders. We hit an auto parts store and bought fittings to seal off the dirt leg, filters, a bigger funnel and a fuel cap. I thought the cap I bought in Portland for our scavenger fuel tank was vented, but it wasn't working, so we wanted to get a replacement. After the auto parts store couldn't cross-reference the needed cap, we brought ours in

LIES LIES LIES

and they told us it was a vented cap after all. I decided we were screwing the cap on too tight, backing it off solved this problem. The next night we played the "Wash and Slosh", Saskatoon's premiere coin laundry bar. We drank many cheap pitchers of Canadian beer, which led to me jumping across tables during our set. Quite a fun night. Dave and Jen (the folks who set up our show) were the most gracious hosts, even having an ice-cream send off party.

8/7 The next drive through the plains was one of the longest yet. Vanada could only hit 40 mph on account of wind resistance. This box on wheels isn't very aerodynamic. That night we stopped off in Regina, a town full of strip malls and people cruising the main drag, to get some grease. We found a full grease bin, but were only able to pump 10 gallons due to the leaking pump. Luckily we found a dumpster full of donuts which alleviated the boredom and hunger pains, during this hour and a half process. We left town with 1.781 kilometers to go.

8/8 Winnipeg. On the way to the show we stopped at some fast-food chain for grease. An employee was taking out the trash, so we ask him if we could have their grease. He's gotta get the manager for this one. "You want to do what?" the manager asks. We explain we want it for our van to run on. He exclaims, "I don't believe it, but take it, it costs me money to take it away."

That night we played a festival and I ran into a long lost friend from Australia, who told us about some of his friends back home that set up off the grid shows using wind power. Driving on waste oil is a start, but we still have a long way to go.

8/9 After driving all day, we stopped for a dip in Lake Superior. We made dinner in the van, filled the mix tank the rest of the way up with grease and hit the road. Late in the night, we stalled out at the bottom of a steep hill. Fuck. We switched to the all diesel tank, still no go. We filled the tank with diesel spilling back at us because of the steep grade. We drove a bit but stalled again. At this point, I realized we needed to change a fuel filter. No big deal, we changed it and got back on the road again. Barely up the hill we started losing power, but luckily were able to coast into a service station that sold diesel

and had a garage. Someone noticed anti-freeze dripping onto the ground.

We filled the main tank up to 5/8 full, leaving room for grease. We talked to the guy at the garage about Vanada's problems. We found the coolant leak on the hose from the radiator to the reservoir and cut off the torn end, then reattached it. We asked him about clogged injectors and he said it wouldn't do engine damage, it just reduce fuel efficiency and power. He showed him Tickell's book and he said he knew you could run a diesel engine on vegetable oil in an emergency but it wasn't recommended.

We figured that the 2nd tank wasn't working properly because it seemed ok when idling, but not while driving. Looking back on our stall I thought that after we changed the fuel filter there might have been air in the lines, causing the repeated stalling. This had been a very frustrating morning, full of me cursing and trying to figure out the mystery, but nonetheless the trip continued.

8/10 Sault Ste. Marie. That night, we play a cool hall next to a basement bar where a retired husband and wife tell us dirty jokes. Outside, a couple of 14 year olds smoke us out and talk shit on the local judges. After the show we cruise the alleys looking for grease. We find some but it's slow pumping tonight, taking about 3 hours to get 25 to 30 gallons, but we can't complain since it's all free (minus the hidden cost of filters).

8/12 Montreal. The gauntlet...I'm steering this rocket ship down the freeway into Montreal. There's construction, no shoulder and cars and commercial semi's pack the 3 East bound lanes. The morning rush hour traffic speeds by while cement medians keep us hemmed in on the road. Sticking to the right lane everything is fine - good friends, good tunes and a show tonight. Then the engine coughs, then again. Uh-oh something's going to give. Could we be in a worse spot? Nowhere to pull over, and super fast traffic. This could be deadly to suddenly stop here. A couple more sputters...I mentally cross my fingers and feel perspiration on my forehead. Luckily the road opens up as we finally stall, allowing us to pull off on to some gravel. It takes awhile to get started again after we switch back to the all diesel tank. We take the next exit to investigate. Are we out of fuel? Tapping the



side of the tank it seems full. Huh. There is nothing to do but hope for the best. We make it to the city center, get some food at a cool volunteer-run vegan cafe and hang out at a park for a few beers. After the show I pull up to a sidewalk full of punx who give the van a huge round of applause. Smiles abound as we load out our gear.

8/13 Back to the states. Leaving Montreal, we decided to go to a smaller border crossing, figuring it would be less hassle. We took the border guards aback. They haven't seen much of anything like this before, and they let us know that it would take a while to process us. They searched our bags and looked in the back, not paying much attention to our transfer pump or grease. They were mostly concerned that we were all born in the states. They ran all of our I.D.'s, apologizing for the wait and let us pass into Vermont.

8/14 Burlington. I did a slightly overdue oil change, re-lubed the chassis and changed one of the fuel filters. I found a couple of roaches and a soda can pipe with resin in it, that the border guards luckily missed. We can do nothing but laugh at this point. It was time for a new air filter, so we went to an auto parts store to get one. We also found cheaper fuel filters for the transfer pump, so bought four. Then we added another inline fuse to the pump, hoping to blow fewer fuses, but it really wasn't worth it because the main fuse kept blowing just the same because the pump was still getting too hot. Next, we collected about 25-30 gallons of grease, then headed to Boston.

8/17 MELTDOWN. Walking from the van to Coney Island we spot 7 five-gallon containers of used grease sitting on the sidewalk, so we grab them. We just need to use our pump and its attached filter to clean it up. Later that night, while driving out of NYC, we hit the Williamsburg Bridge. I wonder to myself how much steel it took to build this thing and how many people died building it, just for a paycheck. How many goddamn rivers are in this thing, anyways? The van starts to lurch, pulling me from my thoughts. Shift! It's stalling. I wonder if we could be in a worse place. We just make it to the apex before total failure. Shift! We're stalled on the bridge in the right lane. Unfortunately, a dump truck is behind us in the left lane and passes

us, almost taking my fingers off as I try to pull Vanada's mirror in. There's not much room in the left lane, and fortunately the bus behind us has more patience than the dump truck and waits. Fuck, we can't stop here...it's dangerous! Plus they might think we're terrorists trying to blow up the bridge. I'm about to change the suspect filter when Pete jumps behind the wheel and cranks the engine. Everybody waits. Before long it starts. Relieved, we head into Manhattan with a bridge full of congestion behind us and pull off to park on a side street for our filter changing pit stop.

Since the architects for this adventure didn't put a shut off valve on the lines before the filter, I had to disconnect the line to change the filter and clean the water separator bowl. It is pretty gunked up with fatty matter. A new filter should do the trick. We stop for pizza, coffee and donuts and head out of town via the Holland tunnel. Luckily for us, there is only one lane open for traffic, so when we stall out this time we have nowhere to coast out of traffic way. Here we are at the bottom of the tunnel. Can't you die from carbon monoxide poisoning down here? We can't even get out of the van without getting hit by cars cruising by. I'm dumbfounded; it must be the last filter in the line. After our experience at the top of the bridge we just waited and cranked it. Whew, it starts.

Smashing a few orange cones we merge back into traffic. We make it out of the tunnel only to stall again at a stoplight. Same ol' game. We wait, crank it over a few times and it starts. We pull into a gas station for our second filter changing session of the night. It's situated close to its base making our belt style filter wrenches hard to use, but after some struggle it comes off. We fill it up with a jerry can of diesel, lube the seal with motor oil and screw the filter back on. We check the rest of the fluids and head west through the New Jersey wastes.

8/18 Pittsburgh, PA. Vanada is running much better after the fuel filter changes. Power has returned. We can now go up hills at 50-55 mph and hit 60 plus on the straightaways, but we are still the slowest vehicle on the road. Once in Pittsburgh we meet Rock Nuclear. He wants to know if he can jam on our gear. I tell him I doubt if there would be time.

8/19. The next day after the show, we went back to the "2", the restaurant we ate at the day before, to get some grease. They specialize in French fries, which meant lots and lots of fryer oil. We decided to break our rule and ask them if we could kindly take their waste oil. They said yes. We repaired the van as best we could on a street with no tools. Their grease drums were off a sidewalk alley behind the building, 3 feet lower than the slab of concrete we parked on. So while one person poured the grease from a beer pitcher through a funnel, and into a 5-gallon container, another person

the 5-gallon vessel, and a third person tapped the grease back to Van, up the exhaust and stowed the grease. We accumulated 10 gallons of good looking grease that afternoon.

8/21. Grease leak on the Ohio Turnpike. At a gas station, we notice oil dripping out of the back door. Quick survey reveals the punctured container. We empty it into a spare container and pump more grease into Vanada's tank. I'm almost surprised we took so long before we had a mess like this on our hands. Those containers are pretty durable for such thin plastic. We head back to Milwaukee, sweating it out through Chicago. Ahh, summer in the Midwest.

8/23 Milwaukee. We scored a shot and of good grease from the Palomino in Milwaukee. Half their menu is vegan and they change their oil daily because they deep-fry almost all their food, even pickles. We use a car to power the pump. The whole operation took several hours, but it was worth it because we got 30 gallons of the cleanest grease yet.

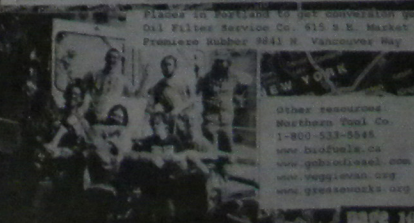
8/25 A few days and a couple thousand miles later we are back in Portland. On the way back we maintained a 50/50 mix and only topped for grease once, in Missoula, at an Indian restaurant. While pumping we noticed a Montana Biodiesel sticker on the waste oil drum. Oops, thanks y'all. Everyone gets dropped off and as I pull the van in front of my house in stalling out. I think it must be a clogged filter.

We learned a lot during this labor intensive tour and all the work and headaches were definitely worth it. By burning a waste product, our vehicle almost got the same mileage and our emissions were reduced. Nap hip hooray. We did have some horror stories, but had we changed our filters sooner these

problems may have been circumvented. What would have saved us from burning so many of our tanks would have been replacing it with a 100-watt fuse. I didn't know you could do this without fucking it up but have been reassured since talking with other folks who have done this. I would also add a stiff section of pipe at the intake hose on the transfer pump. Sometimes the hose would want to sit on the top off the grease not going to the bottom, making it a challenge to pump. We were getting greasy as it was, so we wanted to submerge that hose further into the grease. Because of the slow pumping we experienced and our need for at least two if not three times the grease we procured (we used an estimated 300 gallons!), I'm going to get a pump meant for motor oil, which will pump thicker viscosity fluids faster.

Because biodiesel isn't readily available everywhere, we didn't come across any on this trip. Look up local co-ops for home made brew or commercial outlets for API, Amstar, Petroleum Institute, Unifilized biodiesel and call ahead to make arrangements with chem. Good luck, no matter what problems you run into just remember the better road is the one with less pollution. We did it so can you! Spread the word. Apatay will get you noticed!

For a more detailed account of the tour and additional photos, check out www.greaseonwheels.org



Other resources:
Northern Fuel Co.
1-800-533-5545
www.northernfuel.ca
www.greaseonwheels.org
www.veggiemusic.org
www.greaseonwheels.org

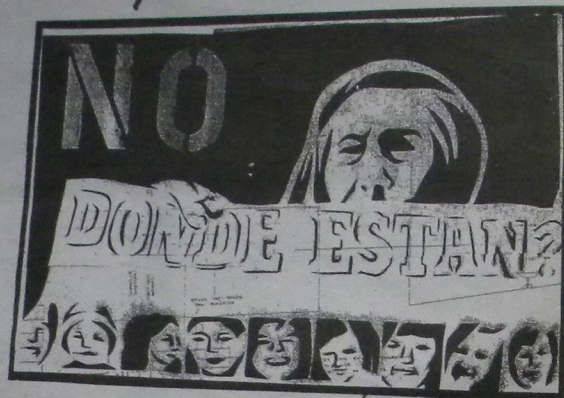
30 Years of September 11th Protests

September in Chile is the month of protests. It is the month where in protests and angry demonstrations throughout the country Chileans commemorate September 11th 1973, the day of Pinochet's bloody 1973 facilitated coup. Throughout Pinochet's reign of terror September the 11th was marked by protests, which were systematically and viciously repressed by the police. Although in 1980 Pinochet was forced to leave, the tradition of the September 11th protests has continued every year. This is because, despite the dictator's departure, little has in fact changed fundamentally in Chile.

Pinochet's constitution remains intact and Chile remains an impoverished, third-world country.

This year marked thirty years since the coup and so there was a bigger build up than usual to September the 11th, with various concerts and activities organized for the 11th and the week leading up to it. As the day of the 11th approached student protests broke out in almost all of the Chilean universities, forcing the authorities to shut down the universities for the week.

In the days before the 11th the government declared that there would be 36,000 police on duty on the 11th. 15,000 for Santiago



alone. Chilean police are infamous in Latin America for their brutality, their liberal use of live ammunition and their harshly repressive tactics. They receive a military training and are actually officially part of the army, although they are answerable to the minister for defense and the minister for the interior.

On the day of the 11th all around the city centre at every street corner, were groups of heavily armed police. At around 6 pm over 15,000 people gathered in a huge demonstration in the city centre. As happens every year, buses to the suburbs, which usually run

until around 12, all stopped on the 11th at around 7:30pm. This is due to the fact that in all but the wealthy neighborhoods of this city of over 5 million, there are street protests, which start at around 8pm. In these neighborhood protests people barricade the streets by building huge bonfires and then proceed to battle with the cops. Every year (except 1997) in these protests people are killed by the police. Last year, 3 protesters were killed in Santiago.

In our neighborhood the shops closed early and by 8 pm all the streets were deserted with no cars at all on the usually busy suburban intersections.

Santiago's streets are long and straight and so when you stood at a crossroads you could see many different bonfires on the streets stretching out in every direction. The police had gathered at a nearby intersection and while they awaited instruction they used slingshots to fire at anyone they saw passing.

At some point around 9:30 or so, the electricity was cut. This was the sign that something was going to happen. People throw chains at the electricity wires to short-circuit them. Often you could see a flash of light in some distant area of Santiago, followed by sudden darkness in that area and you knew the protests were about to begin there too. People do this to make it harder for the police to spot them on the street. What happened next could basically be described as an uneven battle of the local youth with stones and insults on one side against the police on the other who responded with tear gas and live ammunition.

This year, unusually, no one was killed in the protests in Santiago. Although there was no official number for all those injured, it was reported that

there were 24 wounded cops and more than 500 people arrested. In the city of Concepcion 9 prisoners burnt to death in the local jail, when during a protest for the 11th a fire broke out and they were locked in.

On the following Sunday the traditional march to the cemetery in Santiago took place. While the neighborhood protests tend to involve all the local disaffected youth, the march to the cemetery is made up primarily of militants and all the left political groups and trade unions are represented. For around 3 hours or so some 10,000 people follow the police-lined roads to the main cemetery, which holds the graves of many of those who were murdered by Pinochet. As we neared the cemetery amid the sound of revolutionary chants and songs, you began to hear the sound of smashing glass as some of the protesters threw stones at targeted businesses such as banks and multinational fast-food outlets, which were ineffectually protected by rows of riot police. At this stage all the street vendors were selling lemons for relief from the tear gas, which was inevitably soon to follow. When we reached the gates of the cemetery people as people listened to speeches, Molotov

cocktails were thrown and through the smoke you could just make out the ominous shape of several large armored police vehicles, waiting a little distance away. Suddenly a guanaco (a large water canon truck) came flying round the corner spraying water. This was immediately followed by rows of riot police who ran towards us batons raised, grabbing people by the hair, hitting and arresting them as they either fled or fought back as best they could in an atmosphere thick with tear gas, fear and anger.

After about a half an hour or so things calmed down and people began to drift away. Many people gathered around the tomb of Victor Jara, the popular Chilean folk singer and guitar player, who was one of the thousands of people rounded up when the coup occurred and brought to the national stadium, where they smashed his hands, tortured and finally executed him. Before leaving, people covered his grave with red flowers and messages written on slips of paper.

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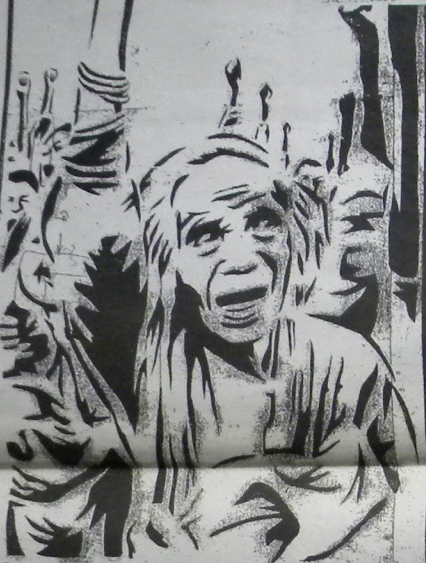


chile 20



chile 21

CHILE & the uses of HISTORY



"Oh no, not the Spanish Civil War again," a comrade of mine groans, as we leap through a stack of the latest anarchist periodicals. He launches into a rant you can tell he's had occasion to dust off a time or two before. He'd rather hear about anything happening today. He never wants to suffer through another dry article on revolutionary battles lost over 60 years ago.

"What happened a long time ago," he explains, "well, it happened a long time ago. You can't expect things to go down the same way today."

He has some good points, & lately I've been mulling them over. I'm painfully aware that the uses of history are more complex than I once thought.

This summer I toured with a puppetshow entitled LESSON 2: THE OTHER 9/11 THE OTHER HALF OF THE HEMISPHERE REMEMBERS. It talked about the 1973 coup in Chile & explored some of its consequences. On Sep. 11th of that year, the neo-fascist General Augusto Pinochet & his accomplices deposed socialist president Salvador Allende.

There's a lot of interesting/frightening threads that weave through some stories & end up in today's tangle. There's an eerie similarity between the media portrayals in Chile during Allende's rule & the recent turmoil in Venezuela. In both cases, what were portrayed as "strikes" were actually work stoppages called by the heads of corporations. This misrepresentation implied the erosion of popular & labor support for leftist presidents. Also, Chile's military & intelligence forces (both notorious for human rights abuses) were infested with graduates of Ft. Benning, Georgia's School of Americas. Though recently given a PR facelift & a new name (the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation), the S.O.A.'s murderous legacy still haunts Latin America.

In addition, Chile was one of the first victims of structural adjustment policies of the type encouraged by the World Bank & International Monetary Fund. Self-supporting industry & agriculture were eliminated & cheap imports flooded the economy. Chilean production was geared towards exportable products & materials, to devastating effect—accelerated environmental destruction, rising unemployment, increasing poverty (40% of the population fell beneath the poverty line).

As the poor got poorer & the middleclass shrank, people grew less afraid. In the 80s, a wave of protest swept the nation. A great variety of tactics were employed— from burning cars to hunger strikes, from collective kitchens to assassination attempts. In 1989, a nationwide referendum was held, to vote YES or NO for Pinochet. Years before, there had been an attempt at a similar vote. This was widely regarded as a farce, a transparent attempt to legitimize Pinochet's rule. This time, the force of the popular movement insured the fairness of the election. Pinochet was voted out & had to step down.

What lessons can be drawn from this? How can any of this information be used? Can it be abstracted into hope or followed like a roadmap? Was there a crucial factor that brought Pinochet down? Or did it take all this—the vote & the direct action, the counter-institutions & the collapsing economy? If you subtract one factor & add another, does the whole thing fall apart?

I think those of us who've had our perceptions shaped by western society tend to view history as a commodity or a tool. We want something we can hold in our hand & use, not something inextricably connected to the rest of the world. We like our past pre-packaged, cut into convenient slices of decades. We like our past easy, broken down into lesson plans.



Struggle is never so simple, never has a clearly defined beginning or end. Today in Chile, the center-left coalition that holds power still follows the dictates of the IMF. Disparities in income are still widening, as they have since the mid-70s. The government of President Ricardo Lagos is mired in corruption & scandal. The conservative parties, which contain many veterans of the Pinochet regime, look likely to win significant electoral gains in the near future.

The only clear lessons I can find in all this is to never give up, to view each victory as only a step, to constantly push ourselves to look further & harder, to question ourselves, to keep fighting.

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OVERKILL



Throughout history, humans have wrought a heavy toll on the other organisms inhabiting this planet. As humans have colonized the Earth extinction has followed at an unprecedented rate.

Industrialization, urbanization and corporatization have sped up the pace and level of this destruction, driving the most diminutive of creatures to extinction. But, early humans made their impact too— leaving a world bereft of the largest, fiercest and strangest of beasts. This loss has left great gaps throughout the ecosystems of the world.

It is now thought that the islands of the South Pacific alone have lost over 2,000 species of birds. In the ecosystems of the Hawaiian archipelago there existed a bizarre assemblage of flightless forms of geese, ibis, and rails (small secretive marsh-dwelling birds), along with numerous seabirds, an eagle, hawk, long-legged owl, five species of crows, and a wide variety of colorful honeycreepers.

They all existed for tens of thousands of years, during which Hawaii experienced many dramatic climatic fluctuations and volcanic events with little change. But all of this disappeared soon after the arrival of Polynesian settlers, 1200-1500 years ago, who carried with them dogs, rats, pigs, chickens and a wide variety of plant species. Having evolved in total isolation, the many bird species soon succumbed to predation, habitat destruction and possibly infectious diseases...Ninety percent of these species vanished forever within 500 years.

As well, New Zealand lost the majority of its biodiversity soon after human arrival. No fewer than 8 species of moa, strange giant (up to 9ft tall) flightless birds, ranged throughout the forests of New Zealand, browsing on shrubs and trees in small groups.

These birds were in turn preyed upon by the giant eagle (harporornis, the largest eagle ever to exist) which probably hunted by ambush, landing upon the back of their hapless prey, wielding massive talons to crush the moas pelvis. Many other birds, reptiles and giant insects also called New Zealand home. All of this was soon to change.

Rats, brought by Polynesian explorers around 2000 BP, marked the beginning of the extinction event, predated nests, damaging vegetation and decimating populations of large invertebrates.



Late in the 13th century, Polynesian peoples settled New Zealand and with them came an array of plants and animals similar to those the settlers of Hawaii carried. However, unlike Hawaii, the climate of New Zealand was not subtropical, thus the Polynesian food crops did not grow as well and the colonists were forced to depend upon the native wildlife to feed their communities. All of the birds of New Zealand, not recognizing humans as a predator, were easily hunted. This naivety enabled the moa hunter to walk up to their prey, using a club or spear and kill as many birds as they want. The impact of this can be seen in the rapid decline of moa populations and the vast amount of remains discovered around early settlements, where often only a single leg was taken. Fires, set deliberately, also destroyed huge tracts of forest. Within a century, the magnificent moas, harpagornis and many of the other strange and unique organisms succumbed to extinction.

Today, when one thinks of large mammals, one thinks of Africa.

However, until 11,000 BP (before present) large herds roamed the vast wilderness of North America rivaling the Serengeti. In North America an astounding diversity representing over seventy genera existed prior to human contact.

Small family groups of mammoth and mastodon graze upon grasses and shrubs amongst herds of camel, horse and musk oxen, while a giant sloth reaches for the most tender of leaves on the edge of the nearby forest. Nearby, a family of smilodon (saber-toothed tiger) feed upon the carcass of a freshly killed yak while a couple of hyenas wait anxiously for a chance to grab a morsel and a number of massive condor circle expectantly awaiting their turn.

A similar scene probably greeted the first humans as they made their way across the Bering land bridge and down into what is now Manitoba. These peoples seem to have been primarily big game hunters, armed with deadly obsidian pointed spears called Clovis points, perfectly suited for the hunting of the mega-fauna of North America. Many sites have been found throughout the continent containing these points and the animals that fell to them. The success of these hunters is evidenced by the apparent lack of mega-faunal remains throughout North and South America in the fossil record after 10,500 BP. But could mere humans armed with only "primitive" weapons have caused the extinction of so many great beasts?

In Africa today it has been found that the removal of elephants from an ecosystem can cause a cascading effect, driving many other populations to extinction. Could the elimination of mammoths and mastodons have brought about such a catastrophe?

Elephant populations have difficulties recovering from heavy hunting pressure and thus it is quite possible that mammoths and mastodons did as well. Evidence for over-hunting has also been shown in recent studies of ivory growth patterns, showing healthy but reproductively stressed animals in Wisconsin, soon before the last populations of mammoths in North America must have gone extinct.

A competing theory for these extinctions is a radical change in climate. But, in view of new paleo climate data, one would now have to show that the Ice Age mega-fauna, having survived two million years in climates much colder than the present, were fatally stressed by rapid cooling not warming. Vegetational change would be evident with a sudden climatic change, but even with such evidence mega-fauna were not picky eaters and would have easily changed their diets to suit such a change.

Another bit of evidence supporting the human caused extinction theory is the discovery of a population of dwarf mammoths on Wrangel Island near the Bering Strait off of Siberia. These mammoths survived until 4000BP, around the time of the pharaohs of Egypt, when human hunters seem to have discovered and annihilated this remnant population. Also, in the Caribbean, giant rodents and a small ground sloth survived until 6000BP when humans also colonized these islands and quickly eliminated these creatures. But, if this "overkill" theory is indeed true then are we dwelling upon the Earth with all of these amazing creatures only to destroy them?

Australia represents the best example for this theory. Humans are thought to have arrived in Australia 35-40,000 BP after leaping across the Indonesian archipelago and originating in South Asia.

At this time, Australia was covered in subtropical rainforests and was inhabited by some of the strangest creatures to ever walk the earth. Marsupials have always ruled this strange land: giant cow-sized wombats, rhinoceros-like diprotodonts, large short faced kangaroos, three foot long echidnas (spiny anteater) and strange marsupial predators the size of a large dog. All existed alongside giant moa-like birds and a massive 20-30 ft. monitor lizard, a truly magnificent beast.

Very little evidence exists of human predation on these creatures, but very soon after the arrival of the first humans no mega-faunal remains have been found. 55 species had vanished with nothing larger than a human surviving. After this extinction event, fire swept the continent, due to a massive build up in fuel caused by the lack of the grazers and browsers. These fires probably destroyed vast areas of forest throughout the continent causing very difficult times for the recent colonists. But after probably hundreds of years, these peoples came to a sort of equilibrium with the fuel and fire cycle, implementing a sort of fire-stick farming, purposefully setting extensive low temperature fires, creating the perfect habitat for their favored prey, mid-sized marsupials and reptiles. This fire-stick farming continued until European colonists arrived and banned this practice, causing the fuel load to build and the fires to once again sweep out of control. These fires in turn caused the decimation of animal populations and the extinction of many of these mid-sized marsupials, forever changing the first Australians relationship with the landscape.

Australia illustrates that great damage can be done to an ecosystem. Often times after many years of transition an equilibrium can be reached. Although in order to reach this equilibrium sacrifices must be made and a people must learn to exist in the parameters of the local environment. If this lesson is not taken to heart and the rate of extinction continues at it's break-neck rate, humanity will one day find itself in the bleakest of wastelands.



